

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Of his true state.

Quee. Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guy. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge:
And driue his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Guy.*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accident, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckely iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If be th' affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Quee. I shall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere: gracious so please you,

Prince of Denmark

We will bestow our selues; reade on
That show of such an exercise may
Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blay
Tis too much proou'd, that with de
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The Diuell himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth
The harlots cheeke beautied with
Is not more ougly to the thing tha
Then is my deede to my most pain
O heauy burthen:

Enter

Pol. I heare him comming, with

Ham. To be, or not to be, that i
Whether tis nobler in the minde t
The slings and arrowes of outragi
Or to take Armes against a sea of
And by opposing, end them: To di
No more: and by a sleepe, to say w
The hart-ake, and the thousand na
That flesh is heire to; tis a consum
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sle
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, l
For in that sleepe of death what d
When we haue shuffled off this m
Must giue vs pause, there's the resp
That makes calamity of so long lif
For who would beare the whips an
Th' oppressors wrong, the proude r
The pangs of office, and the lawes
The insolence of office, and the sp
That patient meritt of th' vnworth
When himselfe might his quietas
With a bare bodkin; who would f
To grunt and sweat vnder a wear
But that the dread of something
The vndiscouer'd country, from v